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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

MACBETH

A Tragedy in Five Acts

By
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Reprinted from an acting version used in the performances of the famous Boston Museum Company and marked by the late Kate Reynolds-Winslow, at one time its leading lady.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1915

Macbeth

PR 2823
A2. W/6

CHARACTERS

	<i>First performance in America, Oct. 26, 1759, in Phila.</i>	<i>Booth's Theatre, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1874.</i>	<i>Booth's Theatre, N. Y., Mar. 20, 1880.</i>
Macbeth.	Mr. Hallam.	Geo. Vandenhoff.	Edwin Booth.
Macduff.	Mr. Douglass.	F. B. Warde.	J. C. McCollom.
Duncan.	Mr. Harman.	Edw. Sheppard.	M. Rainsforth.
Banquo.	Mr. Scott.	C. Wheatleigh.	M. V. Lingham.
Malcolm.		C. Rockwell.	O. H. Barr.
Rosse.		D. E. Ralton.	W. C. Kelley.
Lenox.	Mr. Morris.	E. K. Collier.	John Dally.
Seyton.	Mr. Tomlinson.	Stuart Bolton.	Harry Pierson.
Fleance.	Miss Nancy Hallam.	Miss L. Naylor.	Harry Woodruff.
Donalbain.	Mr. A. Hallam.	Miss L. Byron.	J. H. Mellon.
Physician.		John Weaver.	Wm. Cullington.
First Witch.	Mr. Allyn.	C. Leclercq.	W. F. Owen.
Second Witch.	Mr. Harman.	Mary Wells.	E. L. McCall.
Third Witch.	Mr. Tomlinson.	J. W. Brutone.	Louisa Eldridge.
First Murderer.		J. Major.	E. T. Wells.
Second Murderer.		T. Connor.	M. Mitchell.
Porter.			Horace Lewis.
First Officer.			Geo. Warren.
Second Officer.			W. Squires.
Wounded Officer.		H. C. Bridges.	Otis Skinner.
First Apparition.		Frank Little.	Walter Steward.
Second Apparition.			B. Williams.
Third Apparition.			Master J. Ellis.
Gentlewoman.			Belle Flohr.
Hecate.	Mrs. Harman.	Emma Grattan.	
Lady Macduff.	Mrs. Love.	Annie Kemp Bowlar.	
Lady Macbeth.	Mrs. Douglass.	C. Cushman.	Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

NOTE

The characters of The Porter, Murderers and Lady Macduff do not appear in this version.

*First Boston Cast, Dec. 21, 1795, at The Boston
Theatre in Federal St.*

MACBETH Mr. Hodgkinson.
MACDUFF Mr. Hallam,
LADY MACBETH Mrs. S. Powell.



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Introduction

“Macbeth” is assuredly one of the latest of Shakespeare’s plays, the accepted date of its composition being 1606. Its fable is supposed to have been derived from Holinshed’s “Chronicle,” but the employment of its story may well have been suggested to its author by a minor piece on the same subject known to have been given at Oxford, before King James, in 1605, or may have been inspired by the accession, in 1602-3, of the Scottish monarch. It was first printed in the folio of 1623. As is the case with most other plays of this period, the date of its original performance cannot be determined. The first news of it in the theatre is afforded by a note by Dr. Simon Forman, the famous physician and astrologer, relating to a performance at the Globe Theatre, given on April 20, 1610. As he was an inveterate playgoer, it is gratifying to note that his opinion was a favorable one. It is to be regretted that “Macbeth” is one of the worst printed of the plays contained in the first folio, since its quality is of the highest.

It is assumed that the first Macbeth was Richard Burbage upon no better grounds than that he was the protagonist of many of the other Shakespearean plays. The first known date of performance by any definite player is November 5, 1664, when Thomas Betterton played its leading part at Lincoln’s Inn Fields Theatre. The version employed by Betterton was what is now known as the Davenant version, a corruption of the original text, expanding the supernatural elements of the story and introducing much music and pageantry. This version held the stage until the time of Garrick, who was the first to present an approximately pure text. But he, like all his successors, retained the music that had been composed for the play by Locke, which has come by custom to be regarded as an essential feature of all orthodox productions. The omnipresent Pepys saw Macbeth at the Duke’s playhouse, London, December 21, 1668, and while the audience, as usual, interested him far more than the stage, he was still observant enough to be able to record it as his opinion that it was “a pretty good play.” A performance at the Dorset Garden Theatre, in 1672, is recorded, with Betterton as Macbeth, but from that year until Garrick’s revival of this play there is no trace of the piece in theatrical history.

In 1744 David Garrick revived the play, restoring the original text, as above, but dressing the character in the court dress of the time of George II. His Lady Macbeth was the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard, who was the inventor of the stage business of the banquet scene that has survived almost without alteration until the

present day. James Quin played the part in 1719, and on October 21, 1773, Macbeth was first acted by Charles Macklin, in the eighty-second year of his age, characteristic Scotch costume being for the first time employed on this occasion, not wholly to the liking of the audience, as is recorded. John Philip Kemble appeared as Macbeth on March 12, 1794, Edmund Kean, then a child, appearing in the cast as a "Goblin." Twenty years later Kean appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Macbeth on November 5, 1814. His Lady Macbeth, the great Sarah Siddons, established a tradition in the part that still survives in spite of all adverse theories and innovations. Kemble is said to have first appeared in the part in York on October 30, 1778, before he came to London. He is notable as being the first actor who dispensed with the actual ghost of Banquo, in which departure he was followed later by Macready and our own Edwin Booth, the old custom being continued by Kean, Cooke, Cooper and Edwin Forrest.

The first performance of "Macbeth" in America took place at the New Theatre, in Philadelphia, on October 26, 1759, by Douglas' American Company, Lewis Hallam appearing as the hero. This theatre was built upon the slope of "Society Hill" looking toward Dock Creek, opposite the famous old Blue Anchor Inn where Penn landed when he came from Chester in 1682. It is interesting to note that in Philadelphia, in 1767, the Witches in this play were for the first time played by women, the custom having previously been for men only to appear in these parts. The first New York production occurred on March 3, 1768, at the John Street Theatre. Later performances in this city by Mr. Heard (1783) and Mr. Hodgkinson (1794) are also recorded.

The first Boston performance was given in the Boston Theatre, on Federal Street, December 21, 1795, with Mr. Hodgkinson as Macbeth, Mr. Hallam as Macduff and Mrs. S. Powell as Lady Macbeth. Thomas Abthorpe Cooper made his first appearance in the United States in the part of Macbeth in Philadelphia on December 9, 1796. Notable dates are the first appearance of Edmund Kean in this character in 1814, of Samuel Phelps, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, on May 27, 1844, of Henry Irving in 1888 and of our own Mantell in 1905. The play has attracted the usual industrious notice of the Germans who have made in all no less than twenty-five translations of its text.

F. E. CHASE.

April 27, 1915.

Macbeth

ACT I

Scene I.—*The Open Country.*

READY flourish. **LIGHTS** half down.
THUNDER and **LIGHTNING** before
ringing up.

WARN drum, trumpet and wind instru-
ments before ringing up.

(*Three WITCHES discovered.*)

1ST WITCH. When shall we three meet again —
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2D WITCH. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's¹ lost and won.

3D WITCH. That will be ere set of sun.

READY change.

1ST WITCH. Where the place?

2D WITCH. Upon the heath.

3D WITCH. There to meet with —

1ST WITCH. Whom?

2D WITCH. Macbeth.

THUNDER.

1ST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin.

2D WITCH. Paddock calls.

1ST WITCH. Anon.

¹ The war in which Macbeth was engaged.

ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair ;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Exeunt WITCHES, *severally*.

CHANGE set.

LIGHTS full up.

FLOURISH and drums, L. 2 E.

Scene II.—*The Palace at Forres.*

Enter, L. 2 E., two CHAMBERLAINS *with white wands, bowing on KING, etc.*, KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, L., *meeting four SOLDIERS bearing litter with a wounded OFFICER, R. 1 E., bold and full of tidings till he faints.*

KING (C.). What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

READY flourish.

MAL. This is the serjeant,
Who, like a good and hearty soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

OFF. Doubtfully it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied
And Fortune, on his damnéd quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave ;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

KING. Oh, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

OFF. Mark, King of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

KING. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

OFF. Yes ;
As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

KING. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds.
They smack of honour both :—Go, get him surgeons.

Exeunt OFFICER and SOLDIER, L. 2 E. ; *as soon as OFFICER is
about off.*

TRUMPET, R.

Who comes here ?

MAL. The worthy Thane of Fife.

LEN. What a haste looks through his eyes !

ROSSE. So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter MACDUFF, R. I E.

MACD. God save the King ! (*Kneels.*)

KING. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane ?

READY flourish.

MACD. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

READY change.

And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict.
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,¹
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—

¹ Inclosed in armour of proof.

KING. Great happiness !

MACD. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars for our general use.

KING. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest ;—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former titles greet Macbeth.

MACD. I'll see it done.

Exeunt MACDUFF *and* LENOX, R. I E.

KING. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

FLOURISH of trumpets and
drums till all off.

Exeunt, L. 2 E.

CHANGE set.

Scene III.—*A Heath.*—*Bridge in the background, over the mountains.*

THUNDER and **LIGHTNING.**
LIGHTS half down.

Enter *the three* WITCHES, *meeting.*

1ST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister ?

2D WITCH. Killing swine.

3D WITCH. Sister, where thou ?

1ST WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched :—" Give me,"
quoth I.

"Aroint thee,¹ witch !" the rump-fed ronyon² cries.

READY drum and Macbeth for
March, U. E. R.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger ;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.

¹ Begone.

² Fat, bulky man.

2D WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

1ST WITCH. Thou art kind.

FOOTLIGHTS gradually up
till Macbeth enters.

3D WITCH. And I another.

1ST WITCH. I myself have all the other !

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.¹

I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid :
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

2D WITCH. Show me, show me.

1ST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

DRUM, piano, keeping time of march.

3D WITCH. A drum, a drum ;
Macbeth doth come.

MARCH. Piano to die away
entirely as Macbeth enters.

ALL. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.

(Join hands and turn.)

2D WITCH. Thrice to thine,—

3D WITCH. And thrice to mine,—

1ST WITCH. And thrice again,—

ALL. To make up nine.

1ST WITCH. Peace :—the charm's wound up.

FOOTLIGHTS full up.

¹ Sea-chart.

(*They retire, R.*)

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and part of the army, L. U. E.
The remainder halt on the bridge. MACBETH enters L. U. E., passes L. 2 E., when his line is spoken. BANQUO speaks his half line without L. U. E., enters and sees WITCHES, R.

MACB. Command they make a halt upon the heath.

PROMPTER (*within*). Halt,—halt,—halt.

MACB. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BAN. How far is't called to Forres?—(*Observing the WITCHES.*) What are these,
 So withered, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? (*WITCHES put finger on lip.*) You
 seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

READY thunder.

LIGHTS up.

READY flourish.

That you are so.

MACB. Speak, if ye can:—What are you?

1ST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2D WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3D WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

(*WITCHES kneel. MACBETH starts, confused.*)

BAN. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair?—(*To WITCHES.*) I' the name
 of truth,

(*WITCHES turn from him.*)

Are ye fantastical, or that, indeed,
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours nor your hate.

(WITCHES *turn slowly and hail him.*)

1ST WITCH. Hail!

2D WITCH. Hail!

3D WITCH. Hail!

1ST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, though greater.

2D WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3D WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

ALL. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! (*Going.*)

MACB. (*crossing toward WITCHES*). Stay, you imperfect
speakers,—tell me more;
By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?

(WITCHES *vanish, R.*)

THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Speak, I charge you.

BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanished?

MACB. Into the air; and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

BAN. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACB. Your children shall be kings.

BAN. You shall be king.

MACB. And Thane of Cawdor, too; went it not so?

BAN. To the self-same tune and words.

FLOURISH, R.

Who's here ?

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX, R. I E.

MACD. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success : and, when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his : Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post : and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

LEN. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

MACD. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane !
For it is thine.

BAN. (*aside*). What ! can the devil speak true ?

MACB. The Thane of Cawdor lives ; why do you dress me
In borrowed robes ?

MACD. Who was the Thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose ;
For treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

(MACDUFF, LENOX, BANQUO *retire up-stage*. MACBETH *crosses to L.*)

MACB. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
(*To BANQUO, coming down R.*) Do you not hope your children
shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them ?

BAN. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequences.—Cousin, a word, I pray you.

(*He retires up the stage.*)

READY Macbeth March.

MACB. (*in front*). Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good.—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth ?—I am Thane of Cawdor !
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature ? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings :
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smothered in surmise ; and nothing is,
 But what is not.

READY flourish.

BAN. (*to MACDUFF and LENOX*). Look, how our partner's
 rapt.

LIGHTS up.

MACB. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
 crown me,

READY change.

Without my stir.

BAN. New honours come upon him
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
 But with the aid of use.

MACB. Come what, come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACB. Give me your favour :—my dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are registered where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.—
(Aside to BANQUO.) Think upon what hath chanced ; and, at
 more time,
 The interim having weighed it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

MARCH till all off.

Exeunt, R.

CHANGE and turn up lights.

FLOURISH of trumpets and
 drums till all on.

Scene IV.—*The Palace at Forres.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, DONALBAIN, MALCOLM, ROSSE, and
two CHAMBERLAINS, L. 2 E.

KING. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not
 Those in commission yet returned ?

MAL. My liege,
 They are not yet come back ;
 But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die : who did report,
 That very frankly he confessed his treasons ;
 Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth

READY flourish.

A deep repentance : nothing in his life
 Became him, like the leaving it. He died
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

KING. There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face :
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—

Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENOX, R. I E.
They kneel and present standard taken from the enemy,
which KING directs 2D OFFICER to take. MACBETH and
rest rise.

Oh, worthiest cousin,
 The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
 That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
 Might have been mine ! only I've left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties : and our duties
 Are to your throne and state, children, and servants ;
 Which do but what they should, by doing everything
 Safe toward your love and honour.

KING. Welcome hither :
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
 No less to have done so : let me enfold thee,
 And hold thee to my heart.

BAN. There, if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

READY change.

KING. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter

FLOURISH.

The Prince of Cumberland : (*all bow*) which honour must
 Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.

MACB. The rest is labour, which is not used for you ;
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
 So humbly take my leave.

KING. My worthy Cawdor !

MACB. (*aside, and crossing, R.*). The Prince of Cumber-
 land !—That is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
 Let not light see my black and deep desires :
 The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Exit, R. 1 E.

KING. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,
 And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome ;
 It is a peerless kinsman.

Exeunt, R. 1 E. *Order of exit: 1st, two OFFICERS with standard; 2d, two CHAMBERLAINS, KING and BANQUO, MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, MACDUFF, LENOX and ROSSE, two OFFICERS, R. 1 E. and R. 2 E.*

FLOURISH of trumpets and
 drums till all off.

CHANGE set.

Scene V.—MACBETH'S Castle at Inverness.

Enter LADY MACBETH, R. 2 E., reading a letter.

LADY M. (*with a written letter*). “ They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me ‘ Thane of Cawdor,’ by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, ‘ Hail, king that shalt be !’ This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.”

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promised !—Yet do I fear thy nature :
 It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would’st be great ;
 Art not without ambition : but without

The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
 And that, which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

Enter SEYTON, L. I E., cap off. Manner full of haste.

What is your tidings?

SEY. The King comes here to-night.

LADY M. Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
 Would have informed for preparation.

READY flourish, and bag-pipe march.

SEY. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.
 One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

LADY M. Give him tending—
 He brings great news.

Exit SEYTON, L. I E.

The raven himself is hoarse,
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
 Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
 The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

Enter MACBETH, L.

READY change.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY M. And when goes hence?

MACB. To-morrow—as he purposes.

LADY M. Oh, never
 Shall sun that morrow see!
 Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our days and nights to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

(Goes to R. wing. Exit slowly.)

MACB. We will speak further.

LADY M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favour ever is to fear:
 Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt, R.

CHANGE set.

FLOURISH of trumpets and
 drums, till all on.

Scene VI.—*The Gates of Inverness Castle.*

(*Six servants discovered uncovered either side. Enter R. I E., two CHAMBERLAINS, who exit through C. gates, off R. Four OFFICERS who stand up R., and characters all ranging on R.*)

Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, R.

KING. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BAN. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,¹ does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's breath
Smells woingly here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, or coigne² of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt,—I have observed
The air is delicate.

BAND plays bag-pipe march behind gates.

Enter LADY MACBETH, SEYTON, and six ladies, from the
castle gates.

(*Two CHAMBERLAINS enter C. from R., then the six ladies who range L., and curtsey to the KING; then SEYTON bowing on LADY MACBETH. Everybody bows.*)

KING. See, see! our honoured hostess!
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid Heaven yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith

READY change.

Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

¹ A kind of swallow.

² Coigne (Fr.), a corner.

KING. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

LADY M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,¹
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

KING. Give me your hand;
 Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,

BAG-PIPE March.

And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt, c., through the Castle Gates. Six ladies two and two: LADY MACBETH leading DUNCAN: two CHAMBERLAINS, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, MACDUFF and BANQUO, LENOX and ROSSE: OFFICERS two and two. Servants meet at bottom and pair off, led by SEYTON.

STOP MARCH.

CHANGE set.

Scene VII.—MACBETH'S Castle at Inverness. Room in Castle 1st groove. An opening in R. F. backed by Gothic 2. Music continued. Six servants with covered dishes of gold and silver pass from L. to R., back of opening. Music ceases.

Enter MACBETH, R.

ALL quiet behind.

MACB. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
 It were done quickly, if the assassination
 Could trammel² up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease,³ success!—That but this blow
 Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here—

¹ Account.

² Intercept.

³ Extinction.

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips.—He's here in double trust :
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,—
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,

NO MORE MUSIC this act.

Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off :
 I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other.—How now ! what news ?

Enter LADY MACBETH, R. I E.

LADY M. He has almost supped : why have you left the
 chamber ?

MACB. Hath he asked for me ?

LADY M. Know you not, he has ?

MACB. We will proceed no further in this business :
 He hath honoured me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

LADY M. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dressed yourself ? hath it slept since,
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely ? From this time,
 Such I account thy love.—Art thou afeared
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire ? Would'st thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,—
 Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i' th' adage ? (*Crossing, L.*)

MACB. 'Pr'ythee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man —
Who dares do more, is none.

LADY M. What beast was it, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this ! (*Cross R., return to R. C.*)

MACB. If we should fail —

WARN curtain.

LADY M. We fail ! —
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck¹ only : when in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?²

MACB. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't ?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

¹ From Alembic, a still.

² Murder.

MACB. I am settled ; and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt, R.

RING curtain.

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene I.—MACBETH'S *Castle at Inverness.*—*The Gallery.*

LIGHTS down.

Enter from KING'S door, R. 2 E., 1ST SERVANT *with torch bowing on BANQUO and FLEANCE, then stands at back c.*
Then enter BANQUO and FLEANCE.

BAN. How goes the night, boy ?

FLE. The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.

BAN. And she goes down at twelve.

FLE. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

READY clock to strike two.

BAN. There's husbandry in Heaven —
 Their candles are all out.—
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
 Restrain in me the curséd thoughts, that nature
 Gives way to in repose !

Enter SEYTON, *with a torch, and* MACBETH, L. 2 E.

READY, R. 2 E., blood, two daggers, claymore.

Who's there ?

READY, L., dressing-gown, table, brush,
 comb, basin of water, towel, soap, glass,
 lighted candle, all for Macbeth.

MACB. A friend.

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed :
 He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
 Sent forth great largesse¹ to your offices :
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
 In measureless content.

MACB. Being unprepared,
 Our will became the servant to defect ;
 Which else should free have wrought.

BAN. All's well.—

(*Crosses in front to L.*)

I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters :
 To you they have shewed some truth.

READY swords, torches, etc.

MACB. I think not of them :
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 Would spend it in some words upon that business,
 If you would grant the time.

BAN. At your kind'st leisure.

MACB. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
 It shall make honour for you.

BAN. So I lose none,
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,

READY thunder and lightning.

I shall be counselled.

MACB. Good repose, the while !

BAN. Thanks, sir : the like to you !

Exeunt FLEANCE, BANQUO *and* 1ST SERVANT, L. I E.

MACB. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell.—Get thee to bed.

Exit SEYTON, L. I E.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee :
 I have thee not : and yet I see thee still !
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

¹ Largesse (French), gift, present.

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppresséd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still!
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing!
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
 Toward his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time
 Which now suits with it.

CLOCK strikes two.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell!

Exit, R. D.

THUNDER and **LIGHTNING**. Heavy flash
 and peal as Macbeth opens door, R. 2 E.

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.

LOW thunder till Lady M., C., then
 heavy peal.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold;

SLOW thunder.

What hath quenched them, hath given me fire:

SHORT and loud thunder.

Hark—Peace !
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.

SHORT thunder.

(*Crossing R.*)—He is about it ;
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their
possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

THUNDER.

MACB. (*within*). Who's there?—what, ho !
LADY M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done !—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready—
He could not miss them !—Had he not resembled
My father, as he slept, I had done't !—My husband !

Enter MACBETH, R. 2 E. Starts.

MACB. I have done the deed:—Did'st thou not hear a
noise ?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

MACB. When ?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended ?

THUNDER, loud and short.

LADY M. Ay.

(*MACBETH starts up behind to R. LADY MACBETH crosses quickly to L. corner looking at MACBETH.*)

MACB. Hark ! Who lies i' the second chamber ?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. This is a sorry sight.

(*Showing his hands.*)

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried
" Murder ! "

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodged together.

MACB. One cried, "God bless us:" and "Amen," the
other ;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

READY knock, C.

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

LADY M. What do you mean ?

MACB. Still it cried, *Sleep no more !* to all the house :
*Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy
Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things ; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more : (*Crosses to L.*)
I am afraid to think what I have done ;—
Look on't again, I dare not !

LADY M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.—If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

PAUSE, count ten, then **KNOCK**,
quick and heavy.

Exit, R. 2 E.

MACB. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Reënter **LADY MACBETH**, R. 2 E. *Closes door.*

SEE that **Lady M.** closes door.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—

KNOCKING.

I hear a knocking
At the south entry—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—

KNOCKING.

Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us
And shew us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

READY alarm bell.

MACB. To know my deed—'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou could'st!

Exeunt.

KNOCKING again.

(**LADY MACBETH** *pulls* **MACBETH** *away*, L.)

(*Slight pause after knocking.* **Enter** **SEYTON**, L. I E., *with bunch of keys. Examines them. Yawns. Goes up and unlocks C. gate. Chains fall as gate is opened. Stands L.*

of gate. Enter LENOX, *down R.*; MACDUFF, C. *All bow as MACBETH enters.*)

MACD. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

SEY. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

MACD. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

LEN. Good morrow, noble sir!

MACB. Good morrow, both!

Exit SEYTON, C. *gate.*

MACD. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

MACB. Not yet.

MACD. He did command me to call timely on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.

MACB. I'll bring you to him.

MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

MACB. The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

(*Throwing open the door leading to the KING'S bedchamber,*
R. 2 E.)

MACD. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

Exit, R. 2 E.

LEN. Goes the King hence to-day?

MACB. He does—he did appoint so.

LEN. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night; some say, the earth
Was feverish, and did shake.

MACB. 'Twas a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Reënter MACDUFF, R. 2 E.

MACD. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

MACB. }
LEN. } What's the matter ?

MACD. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

MACB. What is't you say ? the life ?

LEN. Mean you his majesty ?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon :—Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.—

Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX, R. 2 E.

Awake ! awake !—

(During this speech MACDUFF beats the various doors. SERVANTS and OFFICERS appear in the gallery above ; SERVANTS with torches, OFFICERS with swords. BANQUO and ROSSE rush down, L. C. MACDUFF falls on BANQUO'S shoulder. C. gate opens ; soldiers with spears enter led by SEYTON. Fill up stage, C.)

Ring the alarum bell !—Murder ! and treason !
Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself !—up, up, and see
The great doom's image !—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror !—

BELL rings out.

LIGHTS up.

Enter BANQUO and ROSSE down the stairs, L. U. E.

Oh, Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered !

ALL. Murdered !

(All amazed and horror-stricken, gaze intently on each speaker.)

Reënter MACBETH and LENOX, R. 2 E.

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, from door, R.

MAL. (R.). What is amiss?

MACB. You are, and do not know it?
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACD. Your royal father's murdered!

MAL. Oh, by whom?

Exeunt MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, R. 2 E. BANQUO gazes
after the princes and exit behind to R. C.

READY change.

LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows; they stared, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACB. Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACD. (*starting*). Wherefore did you so?

READY thunder and lightning.

MACB. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,

READY lights.

Loyal, and neutral in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breached with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

BAN. Fears and scruples shake us ;
In the great hand of Heaven I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

MACB. And so do I.

ALL. So all.

MACD. Let's briefly put on manly readiness
And meet i' the hall together.

MACB. And question this most bloody piece of work
To know it further.

ALL. Well contented.

Exit MACBETH, L. D. ; *others to their rooms ; others off c. gate, shouting and waving swords.*

CHANGE set.

Scene II.—*A Wood on the skirts of a Heath.*

LIGHTS half down.

THUNDER and **LIGHTNING** at
change of scene.

Enter the three WITCHES and a chorus of WITCHES, L.

1ST WITCH. Speak, sister, speak—is the deed done ?

2D WITCH. Long ago, long ago :
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3D WITCH. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single ; following on former wait ;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

CHOR. Many more murders must this one ensue,
Dread horrors still abound,
And every place surround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.

1ST WITCH. He must —

2D WITCH. He shall —

3D WITCH. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1ST WITCH. Now let's dance.

2D WITCH. Agreed.

3D WITCH. Agreed.

CHOR. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1ST WITCH. When cattle die, about we go ;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,

WARN curtain.

What should we do ?

CHOR. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

2D WITCH. When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do ?

CHOR. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

3D WITCH. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

1ST WITCH. Sometimes like brinded cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,—

CHOR. Where still the mill clack does keep time.

2D WITCH. Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we ;
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetles singing drowsy hums ;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs ;
And when with none of these we meet —

CHOR. We dance to the echoes of our feet.

SYMPHONY.

THUNDER heavy.

(All kneel.)

3D WITCH. At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice.

(All rise.)

CHOR. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,

THUNDER.

To the echoes from a hollow hill.

RING curtain down on picture.

CURTAIN

—
ACT III

Scene I.—*The Palace at Forres.*

WARN drum and trumpet.

READY flourish.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, R.

BAN. Thou hast it now : King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised ; and I fear,
Thou playedst most foully for't ; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings ; if there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ?

FLOURISH of trumpets and drums, R.

But hush ; no more.

Enter *six Lords bowing ; they stand* L. MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, *with two pages holding her train ; six Ladies follow and stand* R. ROSSE, SEYTON, LENOX, LORDS, *etc., fill up stage back and converse in groups.* LADY MACBETH *converses with her Ladies, R., as MACBETH is in front with* BANQUO.

STOP flourish.

LADY M. (*to* BANQUO). Here's our chief guest :
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

MACB. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

BAN. Let your highness
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

MACB. Ride you this afternoon ?

BAN. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow ;
Is't far you ride ?

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twi'th this and supper : go not my horse the better
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

MACB. Fail not our feast.

BAN. My lord, I will not. (*Crosses to L.*)

READY flourish.

MACB. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

BAN. Ay, my good lord ; (*pauses, as expecting further
orders, thus reminding the King of his presence*) our
time does call upon us.

MACB. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE, L.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night : to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, Heaven be with you !

FLOURISH.

**Exeunt LADY MACBETH and ladies and pages, R. I E., Lords,
etc., C. door, which SEYTON closes and is going L. when
King stops him.**

Sirrah, a word : Attend those men our pleasure ?

SEY. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACB. Bring them before us.—

Exit SEYTON, L.

To be thus, is nothing :—

But to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep :—

He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,

They hailed him father to a line of kings :

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;

For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man

To make them kings—The seed of Banquo kings !—

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance !—Who's there ?

Enter SEYTON, *with two OFFICERS, who stand L., down stage.*

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

(SEYTON *bows, crosses behind to R. and exit.*)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1ST OFF. It was, so please your highness.

MACB. Well, then, now,

Have you considered of my speeches ?

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go ? Are you so gosselled

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,

And beggared yours forever ?

2D OFF. I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed, that I am reckless what

I do to spite the world.

1ST OFF. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

MACB. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

1ST OFF. True, my lord.

MACB. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2D OFF. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us —

1ST OFF. Though our lives —

MACB. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,
at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time —
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: And with him,
To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;

(They turn to each other consulting.)

I'll come to you anon.

1ST OFF. We are resolved, my lord.

MACB. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

Exeunt OFFICERS, L. I E.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

Exit, L. I E.

(Sometimes a change of scene here to Gothic in 1st grooves.)

Enter LADY MACBETH, as Queen, and SEYTON, R. I E.

LADY M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

SEY. Ay, madam ; but returns again to-night.

LADY M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SEY. Madam, I will.

Exit, L.

LADY M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH, L. I E.

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,—
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on ? Things without remedy
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

MACB. We have scotched the snake, not killed it ;
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further ! (*Retires, L.*)

LADY M. Come on ; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks ; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

READY change.

MACB. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

LADY M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACB. There's comfort yet : they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund ; ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY M. What's to be done ?

MACB. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling¹ night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

Exeunt, L.

CHANGE set.

LIGHTS down.

Scene II.—*A Park, near the Palace, at Forres.*

Enter the two OFFICERS, L. I E.

LIGHTS two-thirds down.

1ST OFF. The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day ;
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

SEE banquet set.

To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

2D OFF. Hark ! I hear horses.

BAN. (*within*). Give us a light, there, ho !

1ST OFF. Then it is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

2D OFF. His horses go about.

READY flourish.

¹Seeler (French) to seal, to close the eyes.

1ST OFF. Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,

READY change.

Make it their walk.

2D OFF. A light, a light !

1ST OFF. 'Tis he.

Enter FLEANCE, *with a torch*, and BANQUO, R. I E.

BAN. It will be rain to-night.

Exeunt FLEANCE and BANQUO, L. I E.

1ST OFF. Let it come down.

Exeunt, L. I E.

(*Clash of swords, L.*)

BAN. (*within*). Oh, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly ! —

FLE. (*within, L*). Murder ! murder ! murder !

BAN. (*within, L*). Thou may'st revenge.—Oh, slave ! Oh,
Oh, Oh ! (*Dies.*)

Reënter OFFICERS.

1ST OFF. Who did strike out the light ?

2D OFF. Was't not the way ?

1ST OFF. There's but one down ; the son is fled.

2D OFF. We have lost the best half of our affair.

1ST OFF. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt, L.

CHANGE set.

Scene III.—*The Banqueting Room in the Palace, at Forres.*
Music.—A Banquet prepared.

LIGHTS up.

FLOURISH.

(MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, SEYTON, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, etc., discovered all standing. Bards with harps in gallery at back.)

MACB. You know your own degrees, sit down : at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.

ROSSE. Thanks to your majesty.

MACB. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host :
Our hostess keeps her state ; but in best time,
We will require her welcome.

LADY M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome. (*All bow.*)

MACB. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks :—
Both sides are even ; here I'll sit i' the midst.

Enter 1ST OFFICER, L. I E. MACBETH *leaves the throne
to meet him.*

Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.— (*To OFFICER.*)
There's blood upon thy face.

SEND down drum and trumpet.

1ST OFF. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

MACB. Is he dispatched ?

1ST OFF. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

MACB. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats :—Yet he's
good,
That did the like for Fleance.

1ST OFF. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACB. Then comes my fit again ; I had else been perfect :
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad, and general, as the casing air ;
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe ?

1ST OFF. Ay, my good lord ; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

MACB. Thanks for that :—
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

(*All look at King.*)

Exit OFFICER, L. I E.

LADY M. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold,
 That is not often vouched ; while 'tis a making,
 'Tis given with welcome : to feed, were best at home :
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
 Meeting were bare without it.

MACB. Sweet remembrancer !
 Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both.

LEN. May it please your highness, sit ?

(Each character rises on addressing King.)

MACB. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,

(Crossing, L.)

Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
 Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,
 Than pity for mischance !—

ROSSE. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
 To grace us with your royal company ?

MACB. The table's full.

LEN. Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACB. Where ?

LEN. Here, my good lord. *(The blood-stained ghost of
 BANQUO enters L. 2 E., and occupies the vacant chair.)*

What is't that moves your highness ?

MACB. *(seeing BANQUO)*. Which of you have done this ?

LEN. What, my good lord ?

MACB. Thou canst not say I did it ; *(BANQUO shakes his
 head)* never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSSE. Gentlemen, rise : his highness is not well.

*(All rise but do not leave their places. All sit at the Queen's
 request. SEYTON leads the servants from L. U. E., in
 front of table pouring out wine so that the guests do not
 see MACBETH. The Queen keeps the Lords and Ladies
 engaged.)*

LADY M. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,
 And hath been from his youth ; 'pray you, keep seat ;
 The fit is momentary ; upon a thought,

He will again be well : If much you note him,
 You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
 Feed, and regard him not.—(*Leaves the throne and goes to*
 MACBETH.) Are you a man ?

MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
 Which might appal the devil.

LADY M. Oh, proper stuff !
 This is the very painting of your fear ;
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
 Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
 Impostors to true fear, would well become
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
 Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself !
 Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

MACB. Pr'ythee, see there ! (*Pointing to BANQUO*) behold !
 look ! lo !—How say you ?—
 Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak, too.—
 If charnel-houses, and our graves, (*Ghost of BANQUO going*
 L. 2 E.) must send
 Those that we bury, back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites.

Exit Ghost, L.

LADY M. What ! quite unmanned in folly !

MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY M. Fie, for shame ! (*Returns to the throne.*)

MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time
 Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal ;
 Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
 Too terrible for the ear ; the times have been,
 That when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end ; but now, they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools ! This is more strange
 Than such a murder is. (*Crosses, L.*)

LADY M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget :—
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
 Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full.—

(SEYTON *pours out wine and presents it to MACBETH.*)

GOBLET square and loaded,
not to roll.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

(BANQUO'S *Ghost* reappears, R. I E.)

Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

LADY M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword !
If, trembling, I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence !—(Exit *Ghost*, R. I E., MACBETH *fol-
lowing to the door.*) Why so ; being gone,
I am a man again.

READY thunder and lightning.

LADY M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admired disorder.

MACB. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

ROSSE. What sights, my lord ?

LADY M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and
worse ;

Question enrages him ; at once, good night :—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

(All rise and pause till LADY MACBETH speaks next line.)

A kind good night to all !

Exeunt all but King and Queen.

READY change.

MACB. It will have blood : they say, blood will have blood :
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

LADY M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding ?

LADY M. Did you send to him, sir ?

MACB. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.—I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst : For mine own good,
All causes shall give way : I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

LADY M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACB. Come, we'll to sleep : My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :
We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt, R.

CHANGE set.

LIGHTS down two-thirds.

Scene IV.—The Open Country.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Enter the three WITCHES, L. I E., meeting HECATE, R. I E.

1ST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate ? you look angerly.

HEC. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are
 Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
 In riddles, and affairs of death;
 While I, the mistress of your charms,

READY change; no whistle.

The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never called to bear my part
 Or show the glory of our art?
 But make amends now: Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.—
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside:
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal, fatal end.

(SPIRITS *without*, R.)

1ST SPIR. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! Oh, come away!

HEC. Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

2D SPIR. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! Oh, come away!

HEC. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—
 Where's Stadlin?

RING curtain.

3D SPIR. Here;—

HEC. Where's Puckle?

4TH SPIR. Here;—

5TH SPIR. And Hoppo, too, and Hellwaine, too;

6TH SPIR. We want but you, we want but you.

CHANGE without whistle.

(*Chorus of WITCHES discovered, R. and L., with whole stage as clouds. Car in centre with small child in it.*)

CHOR. Come away, make up the count.

HEC. With new fall'n dew,
 From church-yard yew,
 I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

1ST SPIR. Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.

HEC. Tell me, Spirit, tell what news?

2D SPIR. All goes fair for our delight.

HEC. Now I'm furnished for the flight.

(Places herself in her car.)

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.

Oh, what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air,

While the moon shines fair,

To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss!

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,

Over seas, our mistress' fountains,

Over steeples, towers, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

CHOR. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

(HECATE and the SPIRITS ascend into the air.)

1st CURTAIN bell: take up car.

2d CURTAIN bell: drop falls steadily.

CURTAIN



ACT IV

Scene.—*A Cave.—In the Middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

CAULDRON lighted.

THUNDER as curtain rises.

LIGHTS half down.

(The three WITCHES discovered.)

1ST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2D WITCH. Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whined.

3D WITCH. Harper cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1ST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one ;
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2D WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

BAND under stage after chorus.

3D WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy ; maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark ;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark :
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silvered in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab ;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1ST WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, R.

HEC. Oh, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Enter *all* WITCHES.

MUSIC AND SONG

HECATE. Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle
You that mingle may.

You must bob in.

CHOR. Around, around, around, about, about ;
All ill come running in, all good keep out !

4TH SPIR. Here's the blood of a bat.

HEC. Put in that, put in that.

5TH SPIR. Here's Libbara's brain.

HEC. Put in a grain.

6TH SPIR. Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder ;
These will make the charm grow madder.

HEC. Put in all these ; 'twill raise a pois'nous stench ;
Hold—here's three ounces of a red-haired wench.

CHOR. Around, around, around, about, about ;
All ill come running in, all good keep out !

HEC. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :—

KNOCK without.

WARN trap.

Open locks, whoever knocks.

Exeunt all but the three WITCHES.

Enter MACBETH, descending steps, L. U. E.

MACB. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags ;
What is't you do ?

BLUE fire ready, R. U. E.

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACB. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me
To what I ask you.

1ST WITCH. Speak.

2D WITCH. Demand.

3D WITCH. We'll answer.

1ST WITCH. Say if thou'd'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our master's ?

MACB. Call them, let me see them.

1ST WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow :—Grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

THUNDER.

TRAP bell.

(FIRST APPARITION, *an armed head*, rises.)

MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1ST WITCH. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

APP. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff !

TRAP bell.

Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me—enough.

(Descends.)

MACB. What'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harped my fear aright : But one word more—

1ST WITCH. He will not be commanded : Here's another
More potent than the first.

THUNDER.

TRAP bell.

(SECOND APPARITION, *a bloody child*, rises.)

APP. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

MACB. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APP. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn

TRAP bell.

The power of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. (Descends.)

MACB. Then live, Macduff ; what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live :
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

TRAP bell.

And sleep in spite of thunder.

THUNDER.

(THIRD APPARITION, *a child crowned, with a bough in his hand rises.*)

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

APP. Listen, but speak not to't.

ALL. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

TRAP bell.

Shall come against him. (Descends.)

MACB. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

(WITCHES *go R.*)

MACB. I will be satisfied: deny me this,

TRAP bell.

And an eternal curse fall on you!—

THUNDER.—Sink Cauldron.

Let me know,

WILD music under stage.

Why sinks that cauldron?
And what noise is this?

(*A deep groan.*)

LIGHT-BLUE fire behind flats,
and open cave slowly.

1ST WITCH. Show!

READY Apparitions, R. U. E.

2D WITCH. Show!

3D WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

(FIRST APPARITION *appears. All WITCHES pass round in front of stage to L. behind MACBETH. Then the apparitions of the rest of the eight Kings, the last with glass in his hand; and BANQUO passes across from R. U. E. to L. U. E.*)

MACB. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
(SECOND APPARITION)

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, (THIRD APPARITION) is like the
first:—

A third is like the former:—Filthy hags, (FOURTH APPARITION)

Why do ye show me this?—A fourth? Start, eyes!— (FIFTH APPARITION)

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? (SIXTH APPARITION)

Another yet? (SEVENTH APPARITION) A seventh?—I'll see
no more:— (EIGHTH APPARITION)

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more.

THUNDER.

Enter BANQUO.—*The WITCHES vanish, R.*

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

THUNDER. Close cave; put out fire.

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurséd in the calendar!—
Come in, without, there!

Enter SEYTON, *through opening in L. U. E.*

SEY. What's your grace's will?

MACB. Saw you the weird sisters?

READY change.

SEY. No, my lord.

MACB. Came they not by you?

SEY. No, indeed, my lord.

MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horses: Who was't came by?

SEY. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

MACB. Fled to England?

SEY. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool :
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.—
Where are these gentlemen ?

Exeunt, L.

CHANGE set as Macbeth turns up stage.
LIGHTS up.

Scene II.—The Country—in England.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF, R.

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACD. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom ; Each new morn
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllables of dolour.

MAL. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have loved him well ;
He hath not touched you yet.

MACD. I am not treacherous.

MAL. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.

MACD. I have lost my hopes.

MAL. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!
Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

MAL. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke!
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds; I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACD. What should he be?

MAL. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

MACD. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.

MAL. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness.
Nay, had I power, I should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

MACD. Oh, Scotland! Scotland!

MAL. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

MACD. Fit to govern!

But not to live!—Oh, nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banished me from Scotland.—Oh, my breast!
 Thy hope ends here!

MAL. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste: But Heaven above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature.

What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.—See, who comes here?

MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter ROSSE, L. I E.

MACD. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now : Good Heaven, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers !

ROSSE. Sir, Amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did ?

ROSSE. Alas, poor country !
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked : where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for whom ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

MACD. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

MAL. What is the newest grief ?

ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife ?

ROSSE. Why, well.

MACD. And all my children ?

ROSSE. Well, too.

MACD. The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

ROSSE. No ; they were all at peace when I did leave them.

MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

ROSSE. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot ;
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

MAL. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

ROSSE. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch them.

MACD. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

ROSSE. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe: though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACD. Humph! I guess at it.

ROSSE. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes
Savagely slaughtered; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful Heaven! —

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,

WARN curtain.

Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

MACD. My children too?

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed, too?

ROSSE. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls !

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—(*Kneels.*) But, gentle
Heaven,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him, too !

Exeunt, R.

RING curtain.

CURTAIN

—

ACT V

Scene I.—*LADY MACBETH'S Room in the Castle at Dun-*
sinane.

LIGHTS half down.

Enter GENTLEWOMAN and PHYSICIAN, L.

PHY. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

CALL up band.

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock
her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, after-
wards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a
most fast sleep.

PHY. What at any time have you heard her say ?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

PHY. You may to me ; and 'tis most meet you should.

GENT. Neither to you, nor any one ; having no witness to
confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes ! This is her
very guise ; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her ; stand
close.

They retire, L.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper, R. C. She enters, C., glides close to wing and meeting the table she lays the light upon it. Then comes down C., looks off R., shuddering and remembering the night of the murder, gradually passes to the washing of her hands. The GENTLEWOMAN and PHYSICIAN up L. They speak in whisper, which makes LADY MACBETH'S low sepulchral tone more effective.*

PHY. How came she by that light ?

GENT. Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually ; 'tis her command.

PHY. You see her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.

PHY. What is it she does now ? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands ; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY M. Yet here's a spot.

PHY. Hark ! she speaks.

LADY M. Out, damned spot ! out, I say !—One ; Two ; Why, then, 'tis time to do't !—Hell is murky !—Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afraid ? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ?

PHY. Do you mark that ?

READY helmet, shield, truncheon
and gloves, R. U. E.

LADY M. The Thane of Fife had a wife ; where is she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean !—No more o' that, my lord ; no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

READY change.

PHY. Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that ; Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

READY flourish.

PHY. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown : look not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried : he cannot come out of his grave.

PHY. Even so.

LADY M. (*walks up C. listening off R. Crosses behind as if MACBETH were in front of her. Takes taper from table without looking at it. Exit, C., as if dragging MACBETH precisely as in murder scene*). To bed, to bed : there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand : what's done, cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit, R. C.

Exeunt PHYSICIAN and GENTLEWOMAN, R. U. E.

CHANGE set.

LIGHTS up.

Scene II.—*A Hall in the Castle at Dunsinane.*

FLOURISH of trumpets and drums till all entered.

Enter SOLDIERS, OFFICERS, and MACBETH, followed by three LORDS, L. 2 E.

MACB. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was not he born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounced me thus :
“ Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.”—Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter 2D OFFICER, R. I E.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
Where got'st thou that goose look ?

2D OFF. There are ten thousand —

MACB. Geese, villain ?

2D OFF. Soldiers, sir.

MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy ! What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

2D OFF. The English force, so please you.

MACB. Take thy face hence.—

Exit OFFICER, R. 1 E.

Seyton !—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have : but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON, R. 2 E.

SEY. What is your gracious pleasure ?

MACB. What news more ?

SEY. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

MACB. I'll put it on.—

Enter PHYSICIAN, L. 1 E.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear.—

Exit SEYTON, R. 1 E.

How does your patient, doctor ?

PHY. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

MACB. Cure her of that :
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon the heart ?

PHY. Therein the patient

READY change.

Must minister to himself.

Enter SEYTON, R., *with the King's truncheon, and a GENTLEMAN with his armour.*

MACB. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
 Give me my staff :
 Seyton, send out :—(**Exit** OFFICER, R. 2 E.) Doctor, the
 Thanes fly from me ;—
 If thou could'st, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again.—
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of them ?
 PHY. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.

Exit PHYSICIAN, L. 1 E.

MACB. Bring it after me.—
 I will not be afraid of death and bane
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

FLOURISH till Macbeth off.

Exit MACBETH, R.

CHANGE set.

Scene III.—*Birnam Forest.*—*A March.*

Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE *and*
 SOLDIERS, L. U. E.

ENGLISH march till soldiers on, then
 flourish to bring on officer.

MAL. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

MACD. We doubt it nothing.

SIW. What wood is this before us ?

LEN. The wood of Birnam.

MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery

READY change.

Err in report of us.

LEN. It shall be done.

ROSSE. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

MACD. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt :
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

SIW. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

MACD. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which advance the war.

MARCH till all off.

Exeunt into the Wood, R.

CHANGE set.

Scene IV.—*The Ramparts of the Castle at Dunsinane.*—
Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

FLOURISH till all on.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and ATTENDANTS, L.

MACB. Hang out our banners

FLOURISH.

on the outward walls :

The cry is still "They come": —

FLOURISH.

Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
What is that noise?

SEY. It is the cry of women, good my lord.

Exit SEY., L.

MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

READY alarm bell.

Reënter SEYTON, L. I E.

Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

(All express sorrow. SOLDIERS reverse their arms.)

MACB. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing —*(Pause.)*

Enter 1ST OFFICER, R. I E., pale and noisily, his sword drawn.

Thou comest to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

1ST OFF. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

MACB. Well, say, sir.

1ST OFF. (*kneeling*). As I did stand my watch upon the
hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACB. Liar and slave!

1ST OFF. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

MACB. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much:—

(*OFFICER goes up R. The others ask him the tidings eagerly.*)

I pull in resolution; and begin,
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth:—"Fear not, 'till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the state o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell: (*Exit OFFICER, R. 2 E.*) Blow, wind!
come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back!

FLOURISH.

BELL and shouts.

Exeunt, R.

CHANGE set.

Scene V.—A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane.

**ENGLISH march till soldiers on,
then flourish till officers on.**

Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, and SOLDIERS.

MAL. Now near enough ; your leafy screens throw down,
READY change.

And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
 Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

LEN. This way, my lords, the castle's gently rendered.

SIW. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACD. Make all our trumpets speak :

**TRUMPET flourish, then repeat
 march till all off, R.**

give them all breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. (*Alarums.*)

Exeunt several ways.

CHANGE set.

Scene VI.—A Court in the Castle of Dunsinane.—Alarums.

FLOURISH till Macbeth on, C.

Enter MACBETH, from the gates.

MACB. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,

READY change.

But, bear-like, I must fight the course. “But swords I smile
 at, weapons laugh to scorn. Brandish'd by man that's of
 a woman born.” What's he,
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none. (*Alarums.*)

Exit, L.

Enter MACDUFF, R.

FLOURISH, shouts, clashing of swords.

MACD. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, show thy face !
 If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,

FLOURISH till Macbeth on his knees
in next scene. Shouts, etc.

I sheathe again, undeeded.
Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. (*Alarums.*)

Exeunt, L.

CHANGE set.

Scene VII.—*The Gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Enter MACBETH through the gates.

MACB. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them. (*Going to R.*)

MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

MACB. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACD. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. (*Alarums.*)

(*They fight.*)

FLOURISH and shouts, short.

MACB. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant¹ air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACD. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb

READY blood, R. 3 E.

¹Not to be cut, indivisible.

Untimely ripped.

MACB. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope—I'll not fight with thee.

(Retires towards the castle gate.)

MACD. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here you may see the tyrant."

MACB. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

READY curtain.

And to be baited with the rabble's curse!
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last;—
Lay on, Macduff!
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold! enough!"

(They fight.)

FLOURISH and shouts till Macbeth falls.

Hold! enough! (*Fights and falls.*)
'Tis done! The scene of life will quickly close.
Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled,
And now I wake to darkness, guilt and horror.
I cannot rise: I dare not ask for mercy.
It is too late. Hell drags me down.
I sink! I sink! My soul is lost forever.
Oh! Oh!— (*Dies.*)

SHOUTS.

FLOURISH.

Enter all.

RING curtain.

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